none but this.

Mar I like the new tire within excelently, if the haire were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of Millaines gowne that they praise so.

Hero O that exceedes they say.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gown it respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with siluer, set with pearles, downe sleeues, side sleeues, and skirts, round vnderborne with a blewish tinsell, but for a fine queint graceful and excelent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero God giue me ioy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marg. T'will be heauier soone by the weight of a man.

Hero Fie vpon thee, art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without mariage? I thinke you would haue me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: & bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, ile offend no body, is there any harm in the heauier, for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise tis light and not heauy, aske my lady Beatrice els, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero Good morrow coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweete Hero.

Hero Why how now? do you speake in the sicke tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar Clap's into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it, and ile daunce it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heels, then if your husband haue stables enough youle see he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. Tis almost fiue a clocke cosin, tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat.

Beat. For the letter that begi

Mar. Wel, and you be not t
sayling by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the foo

Mar. Nothing I, but God
sire.

Hero These gloues the Cou
lent perfume.

Beat. I am stuft cosin, I can

Mar. A maide and stuft!
colde.

Beat. O God help me, God
profest apprehension?

Mar. Euer since you left it,
rarely?

Beat. It is not seene enough
cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Marg. Get you some of th
and lay it to your heart, it is the c

Hero There thou prickst he

Beat. Benedictus, why *benedictu*
benedictus.

Marg. Morall? no by my tro
I meant plaine holy thistel, you
think you are in loue, nay birlad
what I list, nor I list not to think
not think, if I would thinke my
are in loue, or that you will be
loue: yet Benedicke was such an
man, he swore he would neuer
of his heart he eates his meate wi
may be conuerted I know not,
your eies as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that t

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Vrsula Madame withdraw,
Benedicke, Don Iohn, and

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